At ample point all that I did poſſeſſe,
Saue theſe mens lookes, who do me thinkes finde out:
Some thing not worth in me ſuch rich beholding,
As they haue often giuen. Here is *Vliſſes*
Ile interrupt his reading, how now *Vliſſes?*
Vliſſ. Now great *Thetis* Sonne.
Achil. What are you reading?
Vliſſ. A ſtrange fellow here,
Writes me that man, how derely euer parted:
How much in hauing or without or in
Cannot, make boſt to haue that which he hath,
Nor feeles not what he owes but by reflection:
As when his vertues ayming vpon others,
Heate them, and they retort that heate againe
To the firſt giuers.
Achil. This is not ſtrange *Vliſſes*,
The beauty that is borne here in the face:
The bearer knowes not, but commends it ſelfe,
To others eyes, nor doth the eye it ſelfe
That moſt pure ſpirit of ſence, behold it ſelfe
Not going from it ſelfe: but eye to eye oppoſed,
Sallutes each other, with each others forme.
For ſpeculation turnes not to it ſelfe,
Till it hath trauel'd and is married there?
Where-it may ſee it ſelfe: this is not ſtrange at all.
Vliſſ. I do not ſtraine at the poſition,
It is familiar, but at the authors drift,
Who in his circumſtance expreſsly prooues,
That no man is the Lord of any thing:
Though in and of him there be much conſiſting,
Till he communicate his parts to others,
Nor doth hee of himſelfe know them for aught:
Till he behold them formed in the applauſe.
Where th'are extended: who like an arch reuerb'rate
The voice againe or like a gate of ſteele:
Fronting the Sunne, receiues and renders back
His figure and his heate. I was much rap't in this,
And apprehended here immediately,

Th' vnknowne *Aiax*, heauens what a man is there?
A very horſe, that has he knowes not what
Nature what things there are.
Moſt obiect in regard, and deere in vſe,
What things againe moſt deere in the eſteeme:
And poore in worth, now ſhall we ſee to morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw vpon him
Aiax renown'd? O heauens what ſome men doe,
While ſome men leaue to doe.
How ſome men creepe in skittiſh fortunes hall,
While others play the Ideots in her eyes,
How one man eates into anothers pride,
While pride is faſting in his wantoneſſe.
To ſee theſe Grecian Lords, why euen already:
They clap the lubber *Aiax* on the ſhoulder
As if his foote were one braue *Hectors* breſt,
And great *Troy* ſhriking.
Achill. I doe beleeue it,
For they paſt by me as miſers do by beggars,
Neither gaue to me good word nor looke:
What are my deeds forgot?
Vliſſ. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts almes for obliuion:
A great ſiz'd monſter of ingratitudes,
Thoſe ſcraps are good deeds paſt,
Which are deuour'd as faſt as they are made,
Forgot as ſoone as done, perſeuerance deere my Lord:
Keepes honour bright, to haue done, is to hang,
Quite out of faſhion like a ruſty male,
In monumentall mockry? take the inſtant way,
For honour trauells in a ſtraight ſo narrow:
Where on but goes a breſt, keepe then the path
For emulation hath a thouſand Sonnes,
That one by one purſue, if you giue way,
Or turne aſide from the direct forth right:
Like to an entred tide they all ruſh by,
And leaue you him, moſt, then what they do in preſent:
Though leſſe then yours in paſſe, muſt ore top yours.